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The CALL of the CUMBERLANDS

by CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS OF SCENES IN THE PLAY

CHAPTER XI.

One afternoon, swinging along Fifth avenue in his down-town walk, Samson met Mr. Farbish, who fell into step with him, and began to make conversation.

"By the way, South," he suggested after the commonplaces had been disposed of, "you'll pardon my little prevarication the other evening about having met you at the Manhattan club?"

"Why was it necessary?" inquired Samson, with a glance of disquieting directness.

"Possibly, it was not necessary, merely politic. Of course," he laughed, "every man knows two kinds of women. It's just as well not to discuss the nectarines with the orchids, or the orchids with the nectarines."

Samson made no response. But Farbish, meeting his eyes, felt as though he had been contemptuously rubuked. His own eyes clouded with an impulse of resentment. But it passed, as he remembered that his plans involved the necessity of winning this boy's confidence.

At the steps of a Fifth avenue club, Farbish halted.

"Won't you turn in here," he suggested, "and assuage your thirst?"

Samson declined, and walked on. But when, a day or two later, he dropped into the same club with George Lescott, Farbish joined them in the grill—without invitation.

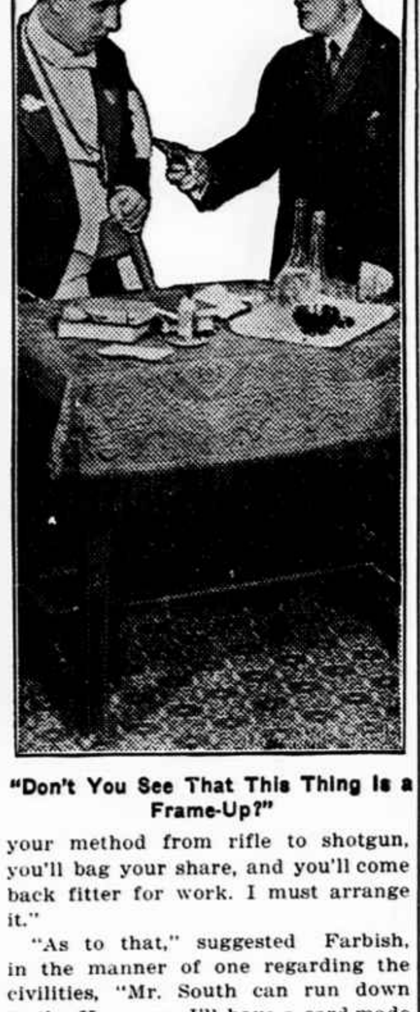
"By the way, Lescott," said the interloper, with an easy assurance upon which the coolness of his reception had no seeming effect, "it won't be long now until ducks are flying south. Will you get off for your customary shooting?"

"I'm afraid not." Lescott's voice became more cordial, as a man's will, whose hobby has been touched. "There are several canvases to be finished for approaching exhibitions. I wish I could go. When the first cold winds begin to sweep down, I get the fever. The prospects are good, too, I understand."

"The best in years! Protection in the Canadian breeding fields is bearing fruit. Do you shoot ducks, Mr. South?" The speaker included Samsan as though merely out of deference to his physical presence.

Samson shook his head. But he was listening eagerly. He too, knew that note of the migratory "honk" from high overhead.

"Samson," said Lescott slowly, as he caught the gleam in his friend's eyes, "you've been working too hard. You'll have to take a week off, and try your hand. After you've changed



"Don't You See That This Thing Is a Frame-Up?"

your method from rifle to shotgun, you'll bag your share, and you'll come back fitter for work. I must arrange it."

"As to that," suggested Farbish, in the manner of one regarding the civilities, "Mr. South can run down to the Kenmore. I'll have a card made out for him."

"Don't trouble," demurred Lescott, coolly, "I can fix that up."

"It would be a pleasure," smiled the other. "I sincerely wish I could be there at the same time, but I'm afraid that, like you, Lescott, I shall have to give business the right of way. However, when I hear that the flights are beginning, I'll call Mr. South up, and pass the news to him."

Samson had thought it rather singular that he had never met Horton at the Lescott house, though Adrienne spoke of him almost as of a member of the family, however, Samson's visits were usually in his intervals between relays of work and Horton was probably at such times in Wall street. It did not occur to the mountaineer that the other was intentionally avoiding him. He knew of Wilfred only through Adrienne's eulogistic descriptions, and, from hearsay, liked him.

The months of close application to easel and books had begun to tell on the outdoor man in a softening of muscles and a slight, though noticeable, pallor. The enthusiasm with which he attacked his daily schedule carried him far, and made his progress phenomenal, but he was spending capital of nerve and health, and George Lescott began to fear a breakdown for his protege. He discussed the matter with Adrienne, and the girl began to promote in the boy an interest in the duck-shooting trip—an interest which had already awakened, despite the rifleman's inherent contempt for shotguns.

"I reckon I'd like it, all right," he said, "and I'll bring back some ducks, if I'm lucky."

So, Lescott arranged the outfit, and Samson awaited the news of the coming flights.

That same evening, Farbish dropped into the studio, explaining that he had been buying a picture at Collasso's and had taken the opportunity to stop by and hand Samson a visitor's card to the Kenmore club. He found the ground of interest fallow, and artfully sowed it with well-chosen anecdotes calculated to stimulate enthusitsm.

On leaving the studio, he paused to say:

"I'll let you know when conditions are just right." Then, he added, as though in afterthought: "And I'll arrange so that you won't run up on Wilfred Horton."

"What's the matter with Wilfred Horton?" demanded Samson, a shade curtly.

"Nothing at all," replied Farbish, with entire gravity. "Personally, I like Horton immensely. I simply thought you might find things more congenial when he wasn't among those present."

Samson was puzzled, but he did not fancy hearing from this man's lips criticisms upon friends of his friends.

"Well, I reckon," he said, coolly, "I'd like him, too."

"I beg your pardon," said the other. "I suppose you know, or I wouldn't have mentioned the subject. I seem to have said too much."

"See here, Mr. Farbish," Samson spoke quietly, but imperatively; "if you know any reason why I shouldn't meet Mr. Wilfred Horton, I want you to tell me what it is. He a friend of my friends. You say you've said too much. I reckon you've said either too much or too little."

Then, very insidiously and artistically, seeming all the while reluctant and apologetic, the visitor proceeded to plant in Samson's mind an exaggerated and untrue picture of Horton's contempt for him and of Horton's resentment at the favor shown him by the Lescotts.

Samson heard him out with a face enigmatically set, and his voice was soft, as he said simply at the end:

"I'm obliged to you."

Samson did not appear at the Lescott house for two weeks after that. He had begun to think that, if his going there gave embarrassment to the girl who had been kind to him, it were better to remain away.

"I don't belong here," he told himself, bitterly. "I reckon everybody that knows me in New York, except the Lescotts, is laughing at me behind my back."

He worked ficerly, and threw into his work such fire and energy that it came out again converted into boldness of stroke and an almost savage vigor of drawing. The instructor nodded his head over the easel, and passed on to the next student without having left the defacing mark of his relentless crayon. To the next pupil, he said:

"Watch the way that man South draws. He's not clever. He's elementally sincere, and if he goes on, the first thing you know he will be a portrait painter. He won't merely draw eyes and lips and noses, but character and virtues and vices showing out through them."

And Samson met every gaze with smouldering savagery, searching for some one who might be listening at him openly, or even covetly, instead of behind his back. The long-suffering fighting lust in him craved opportunity to break out and relieve the pressure on his soul. But no one laughed.

One afternoon late in November, a hint of blizzards swept snarling down the Atlantic seaboard from the polar floes, with wet flurries of snow and rain. Off on the marshes where the Kenmore club had its lodge, the live decoys stretched their clipped wings, and raised their green necks restively into the salt wind, and listened. With dawn, they had heard, faint and far away, the first notes of that wild chorus with which the skies would ring until the southerly migrations ended —the horizon-distant honking of high flying water foul.

Then it was that Farbish dropped in with marching orders, and Samson, yearning to be away where there were open skies, packed George Lescott's borrowed paraphernalia and prepared to leave that same night.

While he was packing the telephone rang, and Samson heard Ardienne's voice at the other end of the wire.

"Where have you been hiding?" she demanded. "I'll have to send a truant officer after you."

"I've been very busy," said the man, "and I reckon, after all, you can't civilize a wolf. I'm afraid I've been wasting your time."

Possibly the miserable tone of the voice told the girl more than the words.

"You are having a season with the blue devils," she announced. "You've been cooped up too much. This wind ought to bring the ducks, and—"

"I'm leaving tonight," Samson told her.

"It would have been very nice of you to have run up to say good-by," she reproved. "But I'll forgive you, if you call me up by long distance. You will get there early in the morning. Tomorrow, I'm going to Philadelphia over night. The next night, I shall be at the theatre. Call me up after the theatre, and tell me how you like it."

It was the same old frankness and friendliness of voice and the same old note like the music of a reed instrument. Samson felt so comforted and reassured that he laughed through the telephone.

"I've been keeping away from you," he volunteered, "because I've had a lapse into savagery, and haven't been fit to talk to you. When I get back, I'm coming up to explain. And, in the meantime, I'll telephone."

On the train Sampson was surprised to discover that, after all, he had Mr. William Farbish for a traveling companion. That gentleman explained that he had found an opportunity to ply truant from business for a day or two, and wished to see Samson comfortably esconced and introduced.

The first day Farbish and Samson had the place to themselves, but the next morning would bring others.

The next day, while the mountaineer was out on the flats, the party of men at the club had been swelled to a total of six, for in pursuance of the carefully arranged plans of Mr. Farbish, Mr. Bradburn had succeeded in inducing Wilfred Horton to run down for a day or two of the sport he loved. When Horton arrived that afternoon, he found his usually even temper ruffled by bits of maliciously broached gossip, until his resentment against Samson South had been fanned into danger heat. He did not know that South also was at the club, and he did not that afternoon go out to the blinds, but so far departed from his usual custom as to permit himself to sit for several hours in the club grill.

And yet, as is often the case in carefully designed affairs, the one element that made most powerfully for the success of Farbish's scheme was pure accident. The carefully arranged meeting between the two men, the adroitly incited passions of each, would still have brought no clash, had not Wilfred Horton been affected by the flushing effect of alcohol. Since his college days, he had been invariably abstemious. Tonight marked an exception.

He was rather surprised at the cordiality of the welcome accorded him, for, as chance would have it, except for Samson South, whom he had not yet seen, all the other sportsmen were men closely allied to the political and financial elements upon which he had been making war. Still, since they seemed willing to forget for the time that there had been a breach, he was equally so. Just now, he was feeling such bitterness for the Kentuckian that the foes of a less personal sort seemed unimportant.

In point of fact, Wilfred Horton had spent a very bad day. The final straw had broken the back of his usually unruffled temper, when he had found in his room on reaching the Kenmore a copy of a certain New York weekly paper, and had read a page, which chanced to be lying face up (a chance carefully prearranged). It was an item of which Farbish had known, in advance of publication, but Wilfred would never have seen the sheet, had it not been so carefully brought to his attention. There were hints of the strange infatuation which a certain young woman seemed to entertain for a partially civilized stranger who had made his entree to New York via the police court, and who wore his hair long in imitation of a biblical character of the same name. The supper at the Wigwam inn was mentioned, and the character of the place intimated. Horton felt this objectionable inuendo was directly tracable to Adrienne's ill-judged friendship for the mountaineer, and he bitterly blamed the mountaineer. And, while he had been brooding on these matters, a man acting as Farbish's ambassador, had dropped into his room, since Farbish himself knew that Horton would not listen to his confidences. The delegated spokesman warned Wilfred that Samson South had spoken pointedly of him, and advised cautious conduct in a fashion calculated to inflame.

Samson, it was falsely alleged, had accused him of saying derogatory things in his absence, which he would hardly venture to repeat in his presence. In short, it was put up to Horton to announce his opinion openly, or eat the crow of cowardice.

That evening, when Samson went to his room, Farbish joined him.

"I've been greatly annoyed to find," he said, seating himself on Samson's bed, "that Horton arrived today."

"I reckon that's all right," said Samson. "He's a member, isn't he?"

Farbish appeared dubious.

"I don't want to appear in the guise of a prophet of trouble," he said, "but you are my guest here, and I must warn you. Horton thinks of you as a 'gun-fighter' and a dangerous man. He won't take chances with you. If there is a clash, it will be serious. He doesn't often drink, but today he's doing it, and may be ugly. Avoid an altercation if you can, but if it does come—" He broke off and added seriously: "You will have to get him or he will get you. Are you armed?"

The Kentuckian laughed.

"I reckon I don't need to be armed amongst gentlemen."

Farbish drew from his pocket a magazine pistol.

"It won't hurt you to slip that into your clothes," he insisted.

For an instant, the mountaineer stood looking at his host and with eyes that bored deep, but whatever was in his mind as he made that scrutiny he kept to himself. At last, he took the magazine pistol, turned it over in his hand, and put it into his pocket.

"Mr. Farbish," he said, "I've been in place before now where men were drinking who had made threats against me. I think you are excited about this thing. If anything starts, he will start it."

(To be continued.)

Railroad Mail Pay.—We are reliably informed that in 1860, the King's Mountain railroad, operating between Chester and Yorkville, 23 miles showed gross earnings of $800.15 per mile of road and mail pay per mile of road, $60.87.

In 1914, we find the Carolina & N.-W. railway operating over the same route, extended to about 134 miles, shows gross earnings per mile of road, $3,623.39. Mail pays the road per mile, $65.71. It is interesting to note that the general business along this line of road has increased from $800.15 in 1860, to $3,623.93 in 1914, while the mail pay indicates an increase from $60.87 to $65.71, or only $4.84 per mile.

The mail in 1860 was carried in pouches in baggage cars and in 1914, it was carried in regular mail cars, or equipped postoffices on wheels, in which the postoffice attendants work to facilitate the delivery enroute. It has been stated that the Panama railroad, owned by the government, received last year for carrying mails, about $5,215.00 per mile of road, or about 28 times as much as is paid the privately owned railroads in the United States for carrying mail.

FOOTSTEPS OF THE FATHERS

As Traced In Early Files of The Yorkville Enquirer.

NEWS AND VIEWS OF YESTERDAY

Bringing Up Records of the Past and Giving the Younger Readers of Today a Pretty Comprehensive Knowledge of the Things that Most Concerned Generations that Have Gone Before.

The first installment of the notes appearing under this heading was published in our issue of November 14, 1913. The notes are being prepared by the editor as time and opportunity permit. Their purpose is to bring into review the events of the past for the pleasure and satisfaction of the older people and for the entertainment and instruction of the present generation.

117TH INSTALLMENT

(Wednesday Evening, May 13, 1863.)

Sale of Negroes.

At an estate sale in the upper part of this district, on the 4th, instant, the following negroes were sold (S. G. Brown, Esq., auctioneer) at the prices annexed, on a credit to the first of January, 1864, with interest from date—they were the property of Charles Hopper, deceased:

Judy (unsound), 51 years old, $125.
Betty, 31 years old, $1,260.
Dolph, 25 years old, $2,425.
Griff, 22 years old, $2,300.
Philo, 28 years old, $2,175.
Bruce, 12 years old, $1,700.
Dave, 14 years old, $2,010.
Bill, 10 years old, $1,800.
Harriett, 18 years old, $2,700.
Reid, 7 years old, $1,200.
Celey, 2 years old, $560.

As the average is about $1,800, from unsound 51, to precious 2, we can hardly attribute the high prices to a plethoric currency.

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Death of Gen. T. J. Jackson.

Though the public mind was not altogether unprepared, the news of the death of this distinguished man has fallen most startlingly and painfully on the general ear. He died at Guinea Station, some fifteen miles distant from the bloody field so recently the scene of his prowess, at a quarter past 3 o'clock p. m., on the 10th, inst., from the combined effects of his wound and an attack of pneumonia.

Among our great and distinguished generals, there are none who so completely filled the public heart as "Stonewall" Jackson. The enemy even were forced to esteem as they had been taught to fear him, and it will now be their boast, as it is our misfortune, that a great and shining light has been extinguished. It is a terrible dispensation of Providence, one that calls forth the exercise of all our philosophy, in these trying times. The patriot soldier has fallen with the notes of worldly triumph sounding in his ears, but the country whose idol he was, feel assured from his past life, that a greater triumph awaits him in another and a better world.

Gen. Jackson was, we think, a Virginian by birth, we have not the material at hand for any lengthy sketch of his life—his services are too fresh to be forgotten—to other sources we leave the mournful duty.

(Wednesday Evening, May 20, 1863.)

More Liberality.

We wish we could "cumber" our columns weekly with cases as noteworthy as the following, which has been handed in to us: "Mr. Wm. A. Robinson of Clark's Fork, York district, has been furnishing corn to soldier's families at $1.00 per bushel."

This shows more liberality than "subscribing" corn to the government at $2.50 a bushel, and mileage, by many persons who told the soldiers' wives they "had not a grain to spare above their actual wants" a month before.

(Wednesday Evening, May 27, 1863.)

Food for the Army.

We have not seen any statement from the proper quarter of the amount of corn and bacon that has been shipped from this district for the army, but we believe it is fully up to, if not beyond its proportion. There is such a thing as "riding a free horse too hard," and so we think there will soon be room for speculation, if the drain of the district is to be carried out. We have allowed large quantities of corn to our North Carolina neighbors, besides what we have "subscribed" to the army, and now the article can hardly be attained at $2.50 by "soldiers' families" and it is assumed that no other families are allowed to eat any—the new crop of wheat is so promising that the old flour was coming in at reduced prices, when, lo, it is understood that the "government" wants several thousand pounds. We have boasted of our liberality long enough, so much has been conceded to us, but as sense of—hunger we were going to say—justice to our common people, requires that they should at least have a share of the "breadstuffs" at living prices, even if they must go without meat to grease their vegetables. We commend this to our friend's (Col. McCorkle) notice, and through him to the swallow-all department.

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Terrible Calamity.

On Saturday morning, last, a loud noise like the rumbling of thunder was distinctly heard at this place, which it seems was correctly accounted for as being caused by the blowing up of the powder mill located 14 miles from Charlotte, on the Catawba river. The Bulletin can give no particulars as none of the operatives were left to tell the melancholy tale.

The following is a list of the killed: Supt. Chas. Klueppelberg, John N. Lee, George Hutchison, Christopher Ounce, John Ochter. The mill house is entirely destroyed, but the principal portion of the machinery is uninjured. The president, S. W. Davis, was absent.

(Wednesday Evening, July 8, 1863.)

Acknowledgment.

General Hospital,
Camp Winder No. 4
June 26, 1863.

Mr. Editor: It is with much pleasure that I hereby acknowledge the receipt of a box containing 28 shirts, 21 pairs of drawers, and one pair of socks contributed by the ladies of Allison Creek and Tirzah churches, through their agent, Rev. Mr. Lathan, for the use and benefit of the sick and wounded South Carolina soldiers in this hospital, and in behalf of the same, I herewith return my warmest thanks and promise that the clothing shall be promptly and economically appropriated.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
J. R. Bratton.

(To Be Continued.)

GENERAL NEWS NOTES.

Items of Interest Gathered From All Around the World.

A Stockholm dispatch says that Russia and Germany have arranged to exchange 200,000 war prisoners.

The Panama canal is again open for traffic after a slide of earth which closed the canal on March 6th.

The Red Cross division of the Emergency Aid committee, New York, has voted $1,000 to buy wooden legs for legless Servian soldiers.

Two American physicians have died in Servia from typhus fever. Nine out of twelve American Red Cross nurses have been stricken with the disease.

A Danish oil tanker, from Philadelphia to Stockholm, Sweden, was held up by the Germans in the Baltic a few days ago, and taken to Swinemunde.

A New York barkeeper was on Saturday fined $10 for sending wine, labeled "medicine," through the mails as a parcel post package.

The city of Philadelphia is advertising the sale of $2,000,000 of school bonds, the proceeds to be used for buying new sites and erecting school buildings.

John B. McManus, an American, was killed by Zapatistas in Mexico City, on Friday. He was shot to death in his home, over which a United States flag was flying.

Governor Gates of Vermont, has signed the prohibition referendum bill recently passed by the legislature of that state. The election will be held in March, 1916.

The Spanish government has issued a decree forbidding the exportation of oils, fish, fresh meat, cattle, eggs, poultry, beans, lentils, wheat, flour, jute, linseed, etc., from the empire.

The British home secretary announced to parliament a few days ago that England would soon raise the ban on importations of sugar from America and other neutral countries.

The members of the crew of the steamship Dacia, recently seized by a French warship and taken to Brest, are on their way to New York, where they will arrive next week.

A new submarine, the L-3, for the United States navy, was launched at Fore River ship yards, Quincy, Mass., yesterday. A second submarine, the L-4, will be launched March 29.

A Copenhagen dispatch says that the Duke of Brunswick, son-in-law of Emperor William of Germany, is suffering from a nervous breakdown due to the war, and is probably incurable.

A Socialist member of the Saxe-Coburg diet and editor of the Gotha Volksblatt, has been sentenced to serve three months in prison for sarcastic remarks about Emperor William. The Volksblatt has been suspended.

A son was born to Governor and Mrs. Whitman at the executive mansion at Albany, N. Y., Thursday. The house of representatives voted to "extend the privileges of the floor" to the newcomer in the official family.

Dr. Herman Bodenheim, a New York chemist, was arrested in St. Louis, Mo., Thursday, charged with transporting guncotton in a checked trunk on a passenger train. It is said there is enough of the explosive in the trunk to blow a train or a railway station all to bits.

During the first six months of the operation of the Panama canal, 496 ships of all classes, passed through the waterway, carrying cargoes totaling 2,367,244 tons and paying tolls amounting of $2,126,832. There were 252 vessels westbound and 244 eastbound.

Charles A. Schieren, ex-mayor of Brooklyn, N. Y., died Wednesday, aged 73 years. The next day his widow, also aged 73 years, died. The wife had been unconscious for three days and did not know of the death of her husband. They had planned to celebrate their golden wedding in November next.

Peter Krakus and Bernard Montvid, held by the Wilmington, Del., police on the charge of murdering a policeman, are also suspected of being the murderers of a priest and housekeeper at New Britain, Conn., on February 22. The chain of circumstantial evidence against the suspects is strong.

The judge of the county court of Lawrence county, Pa., has refused to grant liquor licenses to nine applicants and the county will continue "dry" as it has been since 1911, shortly after a revival campaign by Rev. Billy Sunday, the 7,000 converts of the meeting doing much to wipe out the liquor traffic.

Five officers of the International Lumber and Development company, convicted in the Federal court at Philadelphia, on charges of using the mails for fraudulent purposes, and sentenced to the Eastern Pennsylvania penitentiary, have been granted a 30-day respite by President Wilson. The gang cleaned up more than $6,000,000.

The Wm. P. Frye, the American ship sunk by the Prinz Eitel Friedrich, was built at Bath, Me., in 1901, and cost $150,000. Her cargo included 158,306 bushels of white Walla Walla wheat and 25,276 bushels of red wheat. The cargo was valued at $262,000. The vessel was sunk January 28, in the south Atlantic.

Clarence H. Mackey, a New York capitalist, has leased for a long term of years as a shooting preserve, Gardiners' Island, off the easterly coast of Long Island. Gardiners' Island includes 3,000 acres and came into the possession of that family in 1639, when Lyon Gardiner bought it of Wyandanch, chief of the Mashanketts, and gave in exchange, "One large black dog, one gun, some powder and shot, some rum and a few Dutch blankets, the value of five pounds sterling." The island is now valued at $3,000,000.

A Moral Lesson.

A man quarreled with his friend. "I have been much deceived in you," said the man.

And the friend made a face at him and went away.

A little after, they both died and came together before the great justice of the peace. It began to look black for the friend, but the man for a while had a clear character and was getting into good spirits.

"I find here some records of a quarrel," said the justice, looking in his notes. "Which of you was in the wrong?"

"He was," said the man. "He spoke ill of me behind my back."

"Did he so?" said the justice. "And pray how did he speak about your neighbors?"

"Oh, he had always a nasty tongue," said the man.

"And you chose him for your friend," cried the justice. "My good fellow, we have no use here for fools."

So the man was cast in the pit and the friend laughed out aloud in the dark and remained to be tried on other charges.—From the Fables of Robert Louis Stevenson.

TOLD BY LOCAL EXCHANGES

News Happenings In Neighboring Communities.

CONDENSED FOR QUICK READING

Dealing Mainly With Local Affairs ot Cherokee, Cleveland, Gaston, Lancaster and Chester.

Gaffney Ledger, March 12: Mrs. T. B. Ramsey of Cowpens, is receiving treatment at the hospital. Mrs. Ramsey is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Smith of the Macedonia section of Cherokee county......Miss Maud Gettys of Blacksburg, is recovering nicely from an operation at the city hospital. ....Laying the tracks of the new side lines of the Southern Railway company, just north of Gaffney, was completed yesterday, and the new interlocking tower and interlocking switch system will be put into operation within a very short time. The telegraph office will be moved to the new tower either tomorrow or the first part of next week, and ticket agents will occupy the office at the local depot. There will be two ticket agents, one day and one night man......County Supervisor John M. Jenkins, accompanied by the board of county commissioners, Tuesday, inspected the proposed change in the road between Blacksburg and Gaffney. The new route begins about two and one-half miles northeast of Gaffney and continues to the iron bridge over Broad river. Upon the return of the party from the tour of inspection, the commissioners held a meeting in the supervisor's office, but the question of making the change was not decided. ......Although this is the last week of the schedule for the spring term of L. Smith, who is presiding, yesterday L. Smith, wo is presiding, yesterday, announced that if necessary to complete the business, the present session will be carried over into next week. The business of the court is being handled with as much dispatch as possible, but those in attendance yesterday, thought it quite probable that the court will have to be re-convened next Monday morning if all the business is to be transacted......W. B. Hamrick and Ambrose Willis were each sentenced to pay a fine of $25 or to serve thirty days upon the public works of the county in police court, Tuesday morning. They were convicted upon charges of carrying concealed weapons. Both are young white men who have been living in the Maud section of the county. They were arrested here Monday morning by local policemen, charged with stealing cothtonseed from Mr. L. D. McCraw, of Cleveland county, N. C., and upon being searched, a pistol was found on Hamrick and a slung-shot on Willis. It is probable that they will be tried again by Magistrate William Phillips, who issued the warrants for their arrest, both on charges of stealing and of carrying concealed weapons. Local officers are of the opinion that the two men can then be taken to North Carolina and be tried again upon the same charges.

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King's Mountain Herald, March 11: Mrs. Wright Harmon returned from the city hospital at Gastonia last week, where she had been for an operation. ......Mr. E. Westmoreland of Belmont, died on March 7th, at the age of 65 years. The burial was at Grover, Tuesday. The funeral was conducted by Rev. J. D. Miller, at the home of John Westmoreland, son of the deceased......Tillman Clark, who recently left his home near Grover, to take work with the Standard Oil company at Columbus, Ohio, was brought home dead last week. We haven't learned the particulars of his death. He was a nephew of L. F. Neal of King's Mountain......James D. McGill has resigned his position at the Cora mill store, and has become ticket agent at the Southern depot. Mr. N. F. Watterson and daughter, Miss Lillie, have taken the place made vacant at the Cora store......That King's Mountain is to have another Baptist church, known as the Second Baptist church, was decided upon in a conference at the Baptist church here Wednesday night of last week. The new church will be located somewhere near the Cora Mill, and the present church will hereafter be known as the First Baptist church of King's Mountain.

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Chester Reporter, March 11: Mr. G. R. Ball made a new record locally, when he put up a building yesterday, or rather had it done, and moved with his entire force and working outfit the same day. The shoe shop is in full swing today, just as if it had been in the present location all the time...... Mrs. Lucy Ann Anderson, wife of W. H. Anderson, of Halsellville, after a few days of serious illness, died at her home Sunday night in the sixty-ninth year of her age. Interment was at Antioch Methodist church Tuesday morning, the services being conducted by Rev. E. D. Wells. Besides her husband, she leaves one son and four daughters......Mrs. Nancy Shannon Ross, wife of Mr. John Ross, died at her home at Cornwell, Monday, from the effects of a stroke of paralysis about three weeks ago, and was buried Tuesday morning at Woodward Baptist church graveyard, after funeral services at the home by Rev. J. E. Freeman of Blackstock. Mrs. Ross was 67 years of age, and is survived by her husband and the following children: Capt. H. S. Ross, Mr. B. J. Ross, Mrs. W. T. Castles, Mrs. J. Edw. Cornwell, and Misses Ollie, Nonie and Rebecca Ross......Messrs. W. A. Lee, W. C. Hardin, S. A. Brakefield, J. L. Brown and I. N. Grant, officers of the W. O. W. camp at Armenia, assisted by Messrs. Claude Stevenson, captain, John Brown, Sr., Arthur Bailey, Stewart Brakefield, Ira Grant, Will Hudson, Sam Hudson, Lyles Grant and Curtis Bailey, the camp's degree team, were the guests of Cedar camp, No. 5, W. O. W., of this city, Monday evening, and conferred the degrees of Woodcraft on two candidates in a most approved style. About 100 were present, and the degree work was followed by an enjoyable little luncheon, the evening being one that was greatly enjoyed by all present.......Lemuel Jackson, Jr., a little 12-year-old negro, was arrested Monday, in connection with the burning of the barn on Dr. F. M. Durham's plantation, spoken of in Monday's Reporter, and has since made a confession to Sheriff Colvin.

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Rock Hill Record, March 11: At the regular monthly meeting of the board of directors of the Community Y. M. C. A., held on Tuesday afternoon, the old officers were re-elected for the year beginning March 1, as follows: President, D. B. Johnson; vice president, R. C. Burts; recording secretary, J. A. Barber; treasurer, George A. Beach. The terms of three directors having expired, J. A. Barber and R. C. Burts were re-elected, and Prof. E. C. Coker elected for a term of three years......Mrs. Warner H. Nostrand of New York city, but who for the past two years has been living in Paris, France, arrived here Tuesday morning to make her home with Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Schwrar. She is the former's sister......Allen Paul, a teacher in the High school here, has had to return to his home at Beaufort on account of sickness. His many friends wish him a speedy recovery. ......Anderson Huey, who for several months has been an efficient and popular parcel post clerk and carrier at the postoffice, has accepted a position with the Millhouse Drug company at Union, and will assume his new duties Monday. His host of friends regret to see him leave the city, but wish him success in his new position.

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Fort Mill Times, March 11: In a checker tournament Friday, between Fort Mill and Pineville, in which Fort Mill was represented by Zenas C. Grier, and Pineville by W. M. Morrow, the honors came to Fort Mill by a score of eight to two games........ A somewhat unusual and disgraceful sight, as viewed by some, was the operations Sunday, of a force of employees of the Southern Power company engaged in erecting a pole line along the streets of the town...... Cashier T. B. Spratt, of the First National bank, has been confined to his home in Sprattville for several days with 'grip......Mrs. E. L. Ligon and children of Shelby, N. C., are guests in the home of Mrs. Ligon's mother, Mrs. Alice Harris, in this city. ......W. L. Hall and family on Monday, moved to the B. D. Springs plantation, four miles north of Fort Mill.

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Gastonia Gazette, March 12: One of the most tragic events in the history of Gastonia, and one which has saddended hundreds of hearts, occurred yesterday morning about 10 o'clock, when little William David Jenkins, the young son of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Jenkins, was fatally crushed beneath a pile of falling lumber in the lumber yard of T. A. Henry, on West Main avenue and near the unfortunate little fellow's home. He died at 4.30 o'clock in the afternoon, the end coming suddenly and unexpectedly. Just exactly how the accident occurred is not known, as no one saw it. Together with Thomas Henry, the little five-year old son of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Henry, he was playing on top of a pile of dressed lumber under one of the sheds at the yard. The lumber slid, throwing him off and falling on top of him. An employee of the yards who was nearby, heard the crash and a cry for help and ran at once to his rescue. He lifted the lumber from the little fellow's body, but could not hold it off and take the child out, too. A workman on top of Barkley's building across the railroad, heard the noise and ran quickly to the rescue, extracting the injured child who was in an unconscious condition. He was carried to the residence of Mr. Henry just across the street and medical assistance was given him within a very few minutes. An examination showed that no bones were broken and the only visible signs of injuries were several flesh bruises about the face and chest. However, the weight of the lumber had crushed his chest, injuring him internally......At the home of Mr. C. C. Lytten on West Airline avenue, yesterday morning at 8.15 o'clock, Mrs. Elizabeth Cloninger, Mrs. Lytten's grandmother, died at the advanced age of nearly 90 years, of cancer, following a long illness. She had been bedridden for the past six months. Funeral services were held at the home at 11 o'clock this morning, Rev. F. R. Cook, pastor of West End Methodist church, officiating, and burial was in Shiloh cemetery......The J. L. Adams Drug Store is the name of a new concern for Gastonia, which will open for business about March 20th, occupying the quarters just vacated by J. H. Kennedy & Co. Mr. J. Lean Adams, who has been identified for a number of years past, with the drug business of Gastonia, until he sold out the Adams Drug company's business to Mr. Norman Morrow a few months ago, is the proprietor. Workmen are busily engaged repairing, re-papering and otherwise remodling the interior of the room to be occupied and it is to be refitted throughout with new fixtures made and installed by the National Show Case Co., of Columbus, Ga. Mr. Fred Seagle, formerly with the Adams Drug company, and who has more recently been in Asheville, will be with the firm and an expert soda fountain man has been employed. ......Company B, better known as the Gaston Guards, underwent the annual inspection Tuesday, the inspection being conducted by Col. Thos. Stringfield of Waynesville, and Capt. R. C. Langdon, U. S. A. It is understood that the company made a splendid showing. ......The city council at its regular meeting Tuesday night, passed an order for an election to be held on the first Monday in May to elect a mayor, seven aldermen and seven members of the school board for the city of Gastonia, as required by the charter...... Prof. Edgar Long of Erskine college, Due West, S. C., is spending a day or two here, having been summoned on account of the illness of his mother, Mrs. L. H. Long......Sheriff W. N. Davis and Mr. Geo. A. Jenkins went to High Point Sunday, and brought back a negro whom Mr. Jenkins identified as Gus McKinney, who has been wanted by the Gaston county officers since December 17, 1910, on which date McKinney is charged with having killed Odus Nixon, another negro, at Erwin Lindsay's place near the Arlington mill. The negro was arrested by the High Point authorities on the suspicion that he was Hence Thompson, who is wanted in York county, S. C., but he could not be identified as Thompson. He was held at the request of the Gaston officers for the reason that his description tallied very closely with that of the much wanted Gus McKinney, and efforts to establish his identity will, of course, be made at the trial, which will probably come up at the term of criminal court which convenes next week.

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Lancaster News, March 12: Mr. William McDonald of Kershaw, came to Lancaster this week to take a position with the Catawba Fertilizer company. ....The friends of Captain D. E. Penny will regret to learn that he is quite sick at his home on Main street....... The panelling completing the organ of the First Baptist church has recently been added and gives a finished appearance to that handsome instrument. ......At the office of Dr. G. W. Poovey, the Lancaster County Medical association was organized this week. The following officers were elected: Dr. J. D. Funderburk, president; Dr. W. C. Twitty of Kershaw, vice president; Dr. J. A. Winstead, secretary and treasurer. Dr. R. C. Brown was elected delegate to the State Medical association. ......Miss Sudie Neely, who, until recently held a position with the J. T. Wylie company, is now with the Jones Mercantile company.....The condition of Mr. N. P. Robinson, who is undergoing treatment at the Charlotte sanitorium, is very satisfactory.

THE ARGONNE FOREST

Important Area of This War a Beautiful and Historic Region.

The national geographic society thus describes the Argonne forest, one of the most hotly contested pieces of battle ground in all the theaters of the present war:

The Argonne forest is a ragged knot of low mountains, sharp, rocky and deeply cleft. This forest lies across the path of the Lorraine passes into France. It stretches from the southeast to the northwest for a distance of thirty miles, generally parallel to the French-German boundary, though well within French territory, and varies in width from one to eight miles. It lies between the sources of the Aisne, on the east, and the river Aire, on the west. The railway from Metz to Chalons and Paris runs through one of its sharp-hewn passes.

This narrow, rock-bound tangled forest belt is rich in military history. Its exceedingly difficult paths have several times stopped the foreign invader, and the Frenchman, with a somewhat warm stretch of fancy, has called it the French Thermopylae. While no such tragic 'last stand' has yet been made within its area as that which consecrated the Grecian pass, one of the holiest natural monuments of history, its defiles have been the theaters of several famous military operations, among them the battle of Valmy.

On this battlefield, the French, with 96,000 raw, undisciplined, unconfident conscripts opposed, on September 20, 1702, in the wonderfully contorted passes of the Argonne, 160,000 Austrian imperialists and Prussians, who had been pursuing an easy course into France, and victory remained with the French, a victory followed by the proclamation of the republic.

Argonne forest is well wooded and has an elevation ranging between 600 and 900 feet. The ground within the forest is unfruitful, rich alone in stone, piquant scenic beauties, and all manner of legend and fable.

HAPPENINGS IN THE STATE

Items of Interest from All Sections of South Carolina.

Florence is the first city in South Carolina to have a jitney bus.

The case of Albert Tolbert, convicted in Greenwood last week for the murder of his wife, has been appealed to the supreme court.

George Hodges, one of the oldest citizens of Horry county, is dead, at the age of 83 years. He leaves sixteen children.

A petition asking for compulsory education has been filed with the clerk of court of Spartanburg county, signed by more than 1,100 voters.

The Greenville board of charities and corrections, has re-elected W. R. Neely as jailer, and T. E. Pike as superintendent of the Greenville county home.

Eighteen young women received diplomas as graduates of the Baker training school for nurses in Charleston, at the first commencement of the institution, held Thursday night.

H. M. Greer of Belton, for many years proprietor of the Belton hotel, one of the most noted hostelries in the state, died last Thursday, aged 52 years.

The South Carolina railroad commission has issued an order permitting the Southern railway to discontinue trans No. 43 and 44, between Atlanta and Charlotte.

Mill Creek is the first shool district in Richland county to secure a majority of the registered voters asking for compulsory education under the law enacted by the recent legislature.

According to advices from Columbia, the fight for the creation of Heyward county, proposed to be formed out of parts of Aiken and Edgefield counties, is to be renewed.

W. J. Goodlet was fined $500 in the court of general sessions for Greenville county, last week, upon his being convicted of selling liquor. Two hundred dollars of the fine was suspended during good behavior.

Oss Irby, a negro, died in Greenville Thursday, as the result of pistol wounds inflicted by Clint Carter, colored. Irby was shot while he was attempting to phone for a policeman to protect him from Carter.

Lewis W. Parker, formerly president of the Parker cotton mill merger, a $10,000,000 corporation, and who for the past few weeks, has been practicing law in Greenville, is in a critical condition in a Baltimore hospital. It is reported that he is suffering with cancer of the throat.

J. F. Pace, a special officer of the S. A. L. railway, was arrested in Columbia early Friday morning, and held under $200 bond, on a charge of assault and battery with intent to kill. Pace is alleged to have attempted to draw a pistol on a policeman when the officer arrested him for disorderly conduct.

Fourteen young men of Greenville, all of prominent families, were arrested in that city last week on charges of playing "keeno," a gambling game, in Greenville pool rooms. A fine of $25 was imposed in each case and some of the youths had five charges against them. The cases were worked up by two detectives hired by the city.

G. D. Brown, superintendent of education of Newberry county, has accepted the appointment as supervisor of mill schools, and will enter upon his duties July 1. The position of supervisor of mill schools was created by an act of the last legislature. The salary attached to the position is $2,000 per annum and $500 is allowed for traveling expenses.

Fire in Columbia, Friday, destroyed the Masonic temple, inflicting losses of about $90,000, covered by $80,000 insurance. The brunt of the loss fell on the R. L. Bryan Co., printers, who had their quarters in the building. The bookstore of the R. L. Bryan Co., which was established in 1844, was destroyed, but will be re-established immediately. The type forms for the state senate permanent journal, which were in process of publication by the Bryan company, were destroyed by the fire along with the copy. As a result of the loss there will be much delay in getting out the journal in bound volumes. The origin of the fire is unknown. It is understood that the Masonic temple will be rebuilt.

Greenville News: The city of Greenville owes the hoboes the most abject apologies, that is, all who have been captured and fined the usual 30-30, which is the customary medicine handed out to those who ride into the city fare-less and who get pinched for doing so, and the officers pinch a good many. For the lengthy past the hoboes have been sent to the streets in most cases, for 30 days, simply because they didn't have the necessary $30 to avoid such. Naturally had they had that amount, they would have purchased a ticket and hence wouldn't have been hoboes. It was discovered yesterday morning during the session of recorder's court, that there is no such ordinance to the effect that one shan't hobo. Of course one can't beat a hack fare or a street car ride; but beating the trains into the city is perfectly legal, so far as any city laws to the contrary are concerned, or at least the officers of the court were unable to dig up any ordinance to that effect yesterday. It is estimated that several hundred hoboes have been caught redhanded, as it were, and after hotfooted chases for the most part and when tried received the sentence which deprived them of their liberty without due process of law. Had the hoboes been able to employ attorneys, very naturally some of them would have been able to find the statute did not exist; but not having the necessary coin, they went lawyer-less and put in thirty days making little ones out of big ones. The fact that the time of the hoboes amounted to nothing does not change the fact that they were robbed of it illegally.

Columbia State, Saturday: The special committee of the senate, "to investigate and report on economies that might be effected in the state printing and the advisability of establishing a state printing plant," organized in Columbia yesterday, by the election of C. D. Lee of Darlington, as chairman, and Niels Christensen of Beaufort, as secretary. The third member is Louis Appelt of Clarendon. The secretary was instructed to address a letter to the head of each state department, asking for a list of all state institutions and one to each of the county supervisors, asking for a statement, giving the total amount spent each year, exclusive of all advertising for all printing, giving separately, in so far as it is possible, approximately the amounts for pamphlets, for ruled blanks and for office stationery, and a letter to the secretary of state in each state of the Union, asking for a copy of laws regulating the public printing. The secretary was also instructed to cause the dissemination of a news story that would notify manufacturers of printing machinery and dealers in printing material that the committee wants estimates on the cost of a plant and of supplies. The secretary was directed to invite the state printers to meet the committee and inform them as to the extent and value of their plants that are used to handle the public printing. The house of representatives refused to agree to the senate resolution, but at the suggestion of its ways and means committee, created a committee of its own, consisting of Representatives W. R. Bradford of York, W. H. Query of Spartanburg, and W. W. Harris of Laurens. Since then Mr. Query has vacated his place on the committee by accepting a membership in the state tax commission. Mr. Bradford, at the suggestion of the speaker of the house, James A. Hoyt of Richland, is writing to the chairman of the ways and means committee, J. T. Liles of Orangeburg, requesting that he recommend a representative to succeed Mr. Query. The house committee has had no meeting as yet.